

Exciting Planned Story

A Fawcett Publication

# ROCKY LANE

Featuring His Shadowy BLACK JACK

## WESTERN

FEB.  
**10¢**  
NO. 28



IN THIS ISSUE: A Complete Danger-Filled Western Novella:

## THE DESERT BUCCANEERS!



The following outstanding magazines are weekly identified  
and then come by the words A LORBERSON PUBLICATION

CAPT. MARSH ADVENTURES • LONE LANCE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • MARSH'S ADVENTURE ANIMALS  
WILD CORRAL • WESTERN HERO • SCOTT LANE WESTERN • INDIAN JUNGLE BOY • GARY HAYES WESTERN  
CAPT. MARSH • MARSH COMICS • TONY RAY WESTERN • ADAM'S HALL WESTERN • HOPKINS CARROT  
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REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR



# Rocky Lane

in  
**DESERT BUCCANEERS**

When Rocky Lane  
meets a **CARTEL**  
LAWMAN, ADVENTURE  
FINDS HIM ON A TRAIL  
OF DEATH, HE PLUNGES  
FORWARD TO BELIEVE  
HIS OWN: BUT WHEN  
HE SEES A BAND OF  
POWERFUL LEAD OUT OF  
ARMED TO SCUTTLE  
THE SHIPS OF THE  
DESERT, HE STILL  
CAN'T BELIEVE HIS  
OWN: ... UNTIL THE  
STRAIGHT, MOST PAU-  
TASTIC, COME HAVE  
EVER TO BUST DOWN IN  
THE OLD WEST SENSE  
HIS THUNDERING DOWN  
THE GUN-SLINGING TERN  
FOR A BLOOD-THIRSTY  
SHOWDOWN WITH

**"THE DESERT  
BUCCANEERS!"**



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WELL, BLACK JACK, I'VE CRASHED MY WIND, I TO GO LOOKING FOR TRACKS, WOULD BE TO ADAPT I WAS BEING THROU...AND WELL...



---SHOOT! THE WHOLE THING JUST COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED AFTER ALL THIS IN TEXAS! NOT ARABIA, I COME ON, OLD JACK! HE'S BEING BACK TO HEADQUARTERS!



FEDERAL CRIME, LATER, BACK AT NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

TO FEEL FOOLISH, MENTIONING IT TO THE CHIEF, YET IF THAT WAS A MISTAKE, IT WAS THE DEAREST ONE ANYBODY EVER MADE!



HOWDY, CHIEF, ARE THERE ANY ASSIGNMENTS FOR ME?

NOT A THING, BOOBY, TEXAS IS FULL OF PROBLEMS...FOR A CHANGE...



A REPORT JUST CAME IN FROM DEPT. JUSTICE, CHIEF, REPORTING THAT THEY'VE LOCATED A CAR, AND HAVE THEM DELIVERED IT TO THE DEPT. ON CAMELS.

REPORTING ON CAMELS, IS THAT ALL YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME?

WHAT?



IF ANYTHING'S GOOD, THEN IT'S THAT REPORT, READ IT FOR YOURSELF, CHIEF.

IF THIS IS THE IDEA OF A CAR, UP THAT WAY, I'LL--

LET ME SEE THAT REPORT.



IN EFFORT THIS REPORT UP, IF THEY THINK THEY CAN--

NOT SO FAST, CHIEF, I'VE GOT MORE THAN A HUNCH THAT THIS IS A MISTAKE, LET ME HANDLE THIS ASSIGNMENT!





WELL, WHEN WE GOT OUR MEN BACK, WE HIT OUT ON THEIR TRAIL, BUT IT WAS NO USE. THEY ESCAPED INTO THE DESERT WHERE OUR HORSES COULDN'T FOLLOW 'EM.



YEAH! I BROKE THE HIND END BLUTTERED OUT THEIR TRACKS BY THIS TIME!

I'LL STAY AROUND! THEY MAY GOAT THEIR HAND AGAIN SOON!



WELL, AT THAT MOMENT, AT THE PINE DESERT WOODS...  
GOLD! WE'LL WINN EVERY CRACK OF IT OUT OF THESE HORSE RACE... AND IT'S OUT WITH A SLIT OF SHIP TO SCOURGE THE SEA WITH THE LIESERS AROUND THEIR HORSES CAN'T FOLLOW OUR CAMELS TO THE STRUT RETREAT!



YEAH, SHARSHAM! BUT RIGHT NOW OUR WHITE CAMELS ARE RUNNING LOW!



IN THAT CASE WE'LL FILL 'EM!

AND WHILE WE'RE FILLING THEM, WE'LL BACK THE TOWN, CAPE AND THE BURNING AND HOLD HIM FOR RANSOM!



YEAH! THEY'LL PAY A GOODLY SUM FOR THE WOMEN!

RIGHT! LOAD A BRACE OF CANNON, MEN, AND LOAD THEM TO FLY AND STRAIGHT AROUND THE CAMELS!



YEAH, YEAH, SHARSHAM!

THESE THEY SA, SHARSHAM! STAYED UP POWERED FIRE ACTION!



YEAH, AND THERE'LL BE PLENTY ACTION WHEN WE BACK THE TOWN, CAMELS AROUND THE CAMELS, WATER AND FOLLOW ME!











WANT  
HIT ME?

NOTHING, ROOY!  
YOUR HORSE ISN'T  
THEY'LL BEHOLD  
AND UP PLACES  
SUDDEN, THAT'S ALL!



WHERE ARE THE  
PIRATES?

THEY'LL GET INTO  
THE DESERT AFTER  
LOSTING THE TOWN  
AND TAKING THE  
MAYOR!



THE MAYOR!  
KNOWING BY THE  
HORSE'S P AWAY  
THEY LEFT A BARRON.  
NOTE IN HIS OFFICE!  
LET'S GO!



THESE ARE THE  
NOTE!

GARDEN SHOP!



WANT  
ROOY?  
I CAN  
ROOY?

IT'S A TO LEAVE TEN  
THOUSAND DOLLARS  
AT THE EDGE OF THE  
DESERT BEFORE  
RENTING, AND TO  
SEND UP A COLUMN OF  
STONE TO MARK THE  
SPOT... OR THEY'LL  
STRETCH HIS  
NECK!



BUT WE HAVEN'T GOT THAT  
MUCH MONEY! THOSE ROOY-  
MAYORS CLEARED OUT THE  
BANK! WHAT'LL WE DO?

JUST SIT TIGHT!  
FROM HERE ON IN  
I AM TO DO WHAT  
NEEDS DOING!



GET RABBITING, BLACK JACK! I'M GOING  
TO CALL THOSE SEA PIRATES' HANDS--  
MY WAY!





**BOYS! GIRLS!**  
HURRY! GET THIS BIG  
BEAUTIFUL REAL SCALE MODEL!

**WESTERN  
SADDLE RING!**

**SO EASY TO GET!**  
Hurry! It's a spectacular version of  
a game that every child has played for a  
real time-tested Western Saddle Ring for  
a baby and you'll be the star of your  
neighborhood!

PERFECT  
SCALE MODEL  
SANTO  
SADDLE  
STRINGS  
LARIAT  
TERRACING  
EYES AND  
TONGUE  
TUBES

**ONLY 25¢**  
WITH EVERY ORDER OF  
ANY SADDLE RINGS AND  
SANTO  
P.O. Box 1134, Philadelphia 2, PA

AND THE  
BEST-TASTING  
COUGH DROPS  
TOO!

WITH BROTHERS  
COUGH DROPS

I am enclosing the cash for the best score of a  
Saddle Ring box any boy or girl can win which please  
send me a Western Saddle Ring.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
The offer expires on September 30th, 1951  
Saddle Ring P.O. Box 1134 Philadelphia 2, PA



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN











# ROCKY LAKE WESTERN





YOU WONDERFUL!  
GET YOUR NEW  
DRESS IN THE  
JAIL! DRINK  
UP, MAJOR!

BLIME  
ENOUGH  
ROCKY!



STREET NOISES:  
YOU BEE-HA-MAING,  
CAMEL-ROBBING  
BLIMPY! HAVE  
YOU GOT THE  
STUPID BANK  
MONEY, HANCO?

RIGHT, ROCKY!  
WE CAN SEE  
THE CAMELS  
TO TOTE IN  
THE BEST OF  
THE LOOP  
LATER, C  
ROCKY!



AT THE DESERT ROSE, THE  
WATFORD, WEMACON, BLACK  
JACK, BEJOURN FOR BELVED  
MASTERS, ROCKY LANE!

GOOD BOY, BLACK JACK! I  
KNEW YOU'D BE WAITING  
FOR ME, PAUL!



IN TOWN-- I BROUGHT  
BACK YOUR  
MONEY AND THE STOLEN  
BLANK MONEY! THE BEST  
REAL POLICE! I'LL BE SHOW-  
ING ON DOWN THE TOWN WITH  
THESE HANGERS TO THE CHIEF  
MAGISTRATE, HANGING TREES!

'GOD FEE,  
ROCKY LANE!  
YIPPEEE!!  
'RAY!



BACK AT HANGING TREES--

ROCKY!  
BLACK JACK  
BLACK JACK  
BLACK JACK  
BLACK JACK

THREE JARRERS HAVE BEEN JARRING  
IN AN EARL FOR THREE  
DAVE SON! BARRY YOU  
CAN BARRY WANT  
KEEPIE SAYING!

TALKER JOCKNESS  
YOU'RE BACK, ROCKY!

THAT'S  
FLAME BARK,  
DRINK!



THEY WANT THEIR CAMELS BACK THAT  
"LESS PRATE WIMBLES' DIED! FROM THEM  
IS AN ARREST! TUCK, ANYONE  
HAVE TO DELIVER THAT? I BROKEN  
YOU CAN DUST THE JAIL  
OUT, CHIEF! THESE  
DURING DAYS ARE  
OVER!



MAJOR! SO THAT'S  
WHAT YOUR CAMEL  
WAS FOR, BL-  
ROCKY! THE  
U.S. CAMEL  
CORPS--SUREST  
PATROL!

I FEELON WHEN THE  
KID OF THE FUTURE  
READ ABOUT OUR ARMY  
WARRS & CAMEL PATROL,  
THEY WON'T BELIEVE IT!  
I DON'T WHEN I FIRST  
SAW IT!

# BLACK JACK'S Hitching Post

BEFORE THE HORSE CAME TO THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE, THE INDIANS DIDN'T HAVE MUCH USE FOR MONEY. THEIR KRAKPOH WERE USED TO DECORATE THEMSELVES. BUT WHEN THE HORSES CAME, THINGS GOT TO BE A LITTLE DIFFERENT.



BEAUTY WAS NO LONGER THE ACCEPTED CURRENCY. JACKSON THE THUNDERBOLT, THE HORSE HAD TAKEN ITS PLACE AND A MAN WAS JUDGED BY THE HORSE HE OWNED.



AND EVEN IN THE ERA WHEN LAWLESSNESS WAS PREVALENT, THE HORSE WAS HELD HIGH, AND SHOOTING BLAZED WITH A MAN'S HORSE WAS IN JEOPARDY.



WELL SOME OF THE HORSES GOT AWAY FROM THE EARLY CHALAZARDS AND FOUNDED THE PLAINS OF TEXAS. THE NORTHERN TRIBES HAD TO WAIT FOR THE NEW TRAFFIC TO ENTER FELT FOR HORSES.



NOW WAS IT ONLY THE INDIANS WHO PRIZED THE HORSE ABOVE ALL ELSE. WITHOUT THE HORSE, THE WHITE MAN COULD NOT HAVE SURVIVED IN THE WIDE-OPEN SPACING.



A HORSE OF HORSE HAVE SWITCHED FROM HORSES TO CARS, BUT A MADDE, CHITTY FROM CARS IN AN AUTOMOBILE. AND FOR THAT THE CONVOY AND HIS HORSE ARE MIGHTY THANKFUL.





# DEATH DEFERRED

By Luke Thomas



FOR the first time in all his seventeen years of life, Danny Hughes dreaded the coming of spring. For in the spring, when the steel grasp of winter relaxed, and the snow began to leave the Black Hills, he was going to die. The man who was going to kill him, Buck Horley, was working with him now. He was dredging rock and sand out of the hole in the thick ice covering the stream.

Buck was a heavy, thick set man with cruel eyes set close together. All winter he had gone unshaven, and now a thick tangle of black beard washed half his face. He never smiled, but sometimes when he sneered at Danny, he showed long, yellow teeth. He showed them now as he left his own hole and walked toward the boy.

"You ain't working very hard," he grined. He kicked at the little pile of glittering sand Danny had taken from the cover that morning. "I can do better than that with one hand. You're malling, kid! You been malling ever since yer uncle died, and I ain't liking it none! We come here to dig gold, and we're going to get gold! Ain't my fault the payments got yer uncle, and that we got frozen in for the winter. Dr that there ain't nothing to do but work and eat and sleep! We're getting rich, ain't we? Or we would if you'd stop your loafing and hand yer back!"

Danny had always hated a lie, but he had to lie now. It was far time, for a little longer or five. Buck didn't know that Danny knew what he was up to. Until he did suspect, or until the spring came and they could get out of this frozen trap, Danny was safe. Buck needed him until then. Two men could mine more gold than one man! Two men could fill the fat little leather pouch that Buck planned on taking away with him—alone!

Danny said, "I'm doing the best I can, Buck. My hole ain't as rich as yours. It's getting so that lately I hardly get more than a couple of ounces a day. You got no call to say I don't work hard."

For a moment Buck stared at him. Against the black beard his skin showed black and gray with fatigue.

"He's not getting much sleep lately," Danny thought with a little chill of horror. "It must be getting him at last, washing me every minute like a hawk after a rabbit. Is this it? Is he going to kill me now?" His grip tightened on the long handled shovel he held. He would fight, all right, but he knew it would

be useless against the man's brute strength. He would just have to die fighting.

Buck spat into the snow. "I got a call to say anything I want, kid. But we ain't going to argue it now. Just get back to work and make that pile of dust grow before sundown!" He turned and walked back to his own diggings.

Once through the heavy gloves he wore Danny felt his fingers trembling on the handle of the shovel. His knees were weak and there was a coldness along his spine. Buck was becoming suspicious, was wondering if Danny knew his scheme. Probably, had not greed won out, the man would have killed him a moment ago. Out of the corner of his eye Danny watched the big man working downstream. Buck was greedy and he wanted all the gold he could get. So Danny lived yet.

The boy fingered the gold dust in the pocket of his breeches, where he had managed to hide it. Then, when the day was almost over, he would go to the cabin sitting back in the clump of aspen, black cottonwoods. Once in the cabin he had to move like lightning, putting the dust into the hiding place he had selected. Sometimes he had a minute, sometimes a little more. Then Buck entered the cabin after him, casting suspicious glances in Danny's direction, his eyes going to the old shotgun over the fireplace.

It was the only weapon in the camp, that ancient shotgun. Danny's uncle, when he had hired Buck as a hand, had insisted that the man bring no weapons with him. A wise move, but his uncle's death had canceled it out. The day after the burial, when Danny had looked for the single box of shells, they were gone. He had searched high and low, but no shells. When he asked Buck about them the man looked at him strangely, and with his usual sneer said, "Don't know nothing about them shotgun shells! Weren't in my keeping, was they?"

Then a day or so later, Danny's somewhere had disappeared. Without somewhere it would be suicide for anyone to try to reach the nearest cabin fifty miles away. He knew he was doomed then. Buck had the shells, hidden away until he needed them, and winter held the boy a prisoner until that time came.

Lying on his back that night, watching the fire slowly dying, Danny almost wished that Buck would get it over with. For weeks now he had been the trembling mouse, and Buck

the cat, Danny grinned sardonically to himself—he was a slave kept alive so he could mine gold for Buck. Leaving the shotgun on the peg was just another of Buck's cruel jokes—it was no good without the shells, unless you could use it as a club. But Buck would never give him a chance to do that. Buck was always behind, always watching, hardly ever sleeping. He never entered or left the cabin without first looking to see where Danny was, and he never let the boy get behind him. And when spring came . . .

Buck seemed to have read his thoughts. He spoke now from his place before the fire.

"Seemed to me there was a stiff of spring in the air today, kid. She ought to be breaking up soon. Then we can take our gold and get out of this blasted hole. Here an snow has in town. Only you got to work harder, as your pike ain't going to be very fat, kid. Hey, did do you hear me?"

Danny feigned sleep. There was nothing to say to Buck. There was nothing to do but hope, and to cast desperately around for some way out at the last. Every day, every hour, every minute that ticked away might be his last. Unless someone stopped by the camp, some trapper, perhaps, or another miner. And that, Danny knew, was the faintest hope of all.

Two weeks passed. Danny worked hard, always managing to conceal the real use of his daily haul, and always managing to hide it in the cabin, in the place that Buck would never think of looking. The days were a little warmer now, and Buck's eyes rested more and more on the shotgun.

One day Buck moostened his finger and held it aloft in the breeze "Chinook," he said, "right out of the north. Sure won't be long now, kid. Let's see you put yer back into that shovel. I ain't wanting to stay here a day longer than necessary."

That night Danny decided to gamble. Why not, he thought? It's only a matter of hours now until he kills me. He won't wait until the snow is all gone, until there is a chance of someone coming to the camp. By the time spring is really here he'll want me dead and safely under the ground. It's got to be tonight.

When Buck started to retire Danny got cautiously out of his bunk. The crotting panthers hear creaked beneath him. Embers, glowing in the fireplace, sent ruby fingers of light up the wall, touching the shotgun and making a glow. "I'd give every ounce in my power," Danny thought, "for just one shell. For just one!"

He sighted toward the door. If he could get outside, down into the snow hillsides beyond the river, he might have a chance. Not much of a chance, because it was fifty miles to safety, and it was still winter in the land. But here he had no chance at all. Better to risk it . . .

"You going somewhere, kid?" It was Buck, wide awake, looking at him in the half dark.

Danny stammered, glancing wildly around for a weapon. There could be no further delay now, he knew. This was the moment he had been dreading for so long. Buck knew that he knew! Buck would have to kill him tonight!

The boy tried to keep his voice firm. "Please, Buck! Let me go. I—I won't make any trouble for you. I promise. You can have my share of the gold, too. Just let me leave now!" It was stammering, and Danny knew it, but he was so afraid. So helpless. If only he were a little bigger, a little stronger, or had a weapon!

It was Buck who had the weapon. The shotgun! He took it down from over the fireplace, broke it, and from his trouser pocket took a couple of shells. In the eerie glow of the fire his face was cruel. He cocked both barrels of the gun with a click—click.

**“YOU ain't going to go nowhere, kid. Except out there beneath that snow. Should have done it long ago, since you ain't mined enough gold hardly to pay for keeping you alive! I was a fool to delay in this land, but that's all over. With you out of the way maybe I can get me a good night of sleep.”**

"No," said Danny. "Don't." He saw the determination in the man's eyes, and stopped. Might as well die like a man! Wouldn't any harder that way. So Buck was going to use the shotgun after all. Well . . .

Buck pulled the trigger. There was a blinding flash and a roar. Smoke filled the cabin. A man screamed in anguish.

Danny went to where Buck was crouching on the floor. With a rope he tied the man hand and foot. Then he attended to Buck's face.

"I reckon," he said, "that those eyes of yours will be all right after a spell. You'll be able to see the boys."

Later, as he made preparations for leaving the cabin for help, Danny thought how lucky for him that Buck had decided on the shotgun. The one place where Danny could have hidden his gold was safely—in the barrels! But, the boy thought, rag stuffing and a few pounds of gold dust will make any gun explode when you try to fire it!

THE END





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# CACTUSBRAIN

POP HIM ON THE HEAD!

GOSH, I'M THIRSTY, BUT THAT'S NO COLD BOOZ POP AROUND!

THAT'S POP! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

HEY, POP, COME HERE AND LOOK IN THE ICE BOX!

I DON'T SEE ANYTHING HERE! **GOOF!**

**SLAM!**

LET ME GET UP HERE! HELP! HELP!

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE ICE BOX, CACTUSBRAIN?

POP'S LOCKED ME OUT!

WHAT? POP? HE LOOKED TONED UP IN THE ICE BOX! WHY?

TO GET COLD POP!

!!!

# ROPING 'N' RIDING With



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NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

## HOOCH PATHERS I

HERE IT IS OUR LETTER GET-TOGETHER TIME AGAIN, AND MY PLUMS BUBBLING OVER TO TELL YOU ABOUT WHAT I SAW THE OTHER DAY UP IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BLACK JACK AND I WERE LOAFING AROUND AT AN EARLY HOUR WHEN SUDDENLY I HEARD A SCOTTISH COON SPLUTTING OUT OF THE SKY ABOVE AND THERE CAME A HAWK THROTTING AND SCORCHING IT TO EIGHT SEVEN FLYING DOWN, DOING THE WAY AND TART THROUGH THE TREES. SUDDENLY IT BUCKED TO THE GROUND AND FLOPPED OVER, PLUMS THICKERED OUT AND WITH A BOAT BRACE TO ME. IT WAS THEN THAT I SAW WHAT WAS REALLY GOING ON. A LITTLE HAWKMAN BIRD HAD SIDDEN THAT BIG HAWK PLUMS OUT OF THE SKY!

BEHOLD AN HOW A HAWK IS A FINE FLYER, THROUGH AND THROUGH AND A HAWKMAN BIRD IS ABOUT HALF THE SIZE OF MY LITTLE FINGER, AND CERTAINLY NOT A BIRD, I JUST COULDN'T HELP SPLUTTING MY FACE HORIZONTAL IN A BECAUSE OF ADMIRATION FOR ITS SHEER PLUCK. THAT LITTLE HAWKMAN BIRD HAD WHAT IT TOOK AND PLUMS USED IT! THE SIZE OF THE HAWK AND ITS FINE FLYER, LEAST COULDN'T MATCH THE COMBINATION OF ITS BARKING BIRD'S SPEED AND MANEUVERABILITY AND ITS WILL TO MEET GODS AND ---WIN! IT HAD BEEN MEANY ENOUGH TO PICK OUT THE HAWKMAN BIRD AND THEN PLUMS SPAT IT TO THE GROUND, AND AS I WATCHED THE OUTLINE OF THAT BATTLE, THE NAME OF A LADYMAN CAME TO MIND FROM OUT OF THE OLD DAYS. HIS NAME WAS JOHN SLAUGHTER, AND HE WAS ONLY A BITE COMPARED TO SOME OF THE BIG SCARING BARKMAN OF HIS DAY. BUT WHEN THINGS CAME TO A SHOWDOWN AND THE BARKS CLEARED, THE BIG TOUGH BARKMAN WERE EIGHTEN EAT AND THE LITTLE LADYMAN WITH THE COOL EYE WAS STILL STANDING.

SO PLUMS, DON'T GO PUTTING TOO MUCH STOCK IN HOW FINE MEANERS BY THE "HAWKMAN". THE TRUE MEANERS OF ANYONE IS WHAT'S IN HIS HEART AND SPIRIT. REMEMBER THAT, AND YOU, BLACK JACK AND I, WILL ALWAYS BE CLOSE PLUMS.

YOURS FOR MORE ACTION AND FRIENDS,

YOUR PLUM,

*Allan Rocky Lane*

AND BLACK JACK U



# DEE DICKENS

IN

A WARD FOR THE WISE

SEE, TEN, IT SURE IS NICE OF YOU TO VISIT ME IN THE HOSPITAL!

YOU'VE BEEN HERE SO LONG, I THOUGHT IT'D BE OF SOME WHAT THE LATTER WITH YOU!



I HOPE IT'S ALL OVER GET OUT OF THIS HOSPITAL!

HOW NOT?



EVERY TIME I THINK OF WHAT IT'S COSTING ME IN REAL, I GET SICK ALL OVER AGAIN!

WELL, WHAT WOULD YOU DO IN THE FIRST PLACE?



I STAYED UP EVERY NIGHT TRYING TO FIND OUT WHAT WAS WRONG WITH ME!

AND WHAT WAS?



I WAS SUFFERING FROM LACK OF SLEEP!

DID THE DOCTOR GIVE YOU A PRESCRIPTION?









# QUIZ

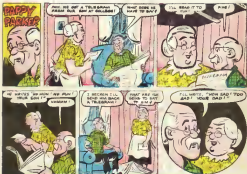
1. SIX PRESIDENTS HAVE DIED A NATURAL DEATH WHILE IN OFFICE.  
True \_\_\_\_\_  
False \_\_\_\_\_
2. THE SUN IS FLAME 500 MILES FROM THE EARTH.  
True \_\_\_\_\_  
False \_\_\_\_\_
3. PAMEL BODKE WON A COORDINATOR CAR.  
True \_\_\_\_\_  
False \_\_\_\_\_
4. HELEN WILLS MOODY WON THE U.S. WOMEN'S SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP EIGHT TIMES.  
True \_\_\_\_\_  
False \_\_\_\_\_



## ANSWERS:

1. TRUE 2. FALSE 3. TRUE 4. TRUE





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